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Harvard Inside-Out

BY

ELMER E. HÄGLER, JR.



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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



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foreword

THIS is a collection of pictures belonging to Joseph Peebles, '18, of Beaverdam, Ohio, and shown to the reader by his brother, Willie Peebles, aged eleven.

HARVARD INSIDE-OUT

That there's President Lowell. Joe says he's jest started a finishin' school fur manly boys, down by the Charles river. I shud think it'd interfere with the college a whole lot. Joe says he's a mighty fine man, though.

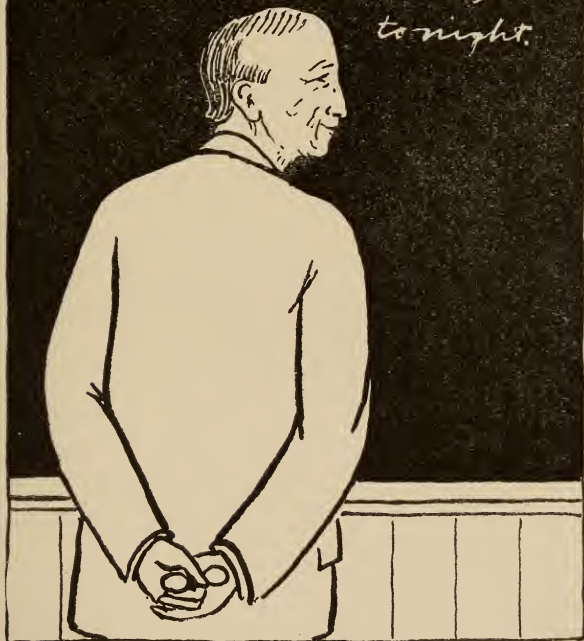


Albert Bushnell Hart. He writes
for the papers, and he's got a powerful
reputation. Joe says he's slept through
two years with him, an' he kinnot rec-
ommend him too highly.



Dean Briggs, that is. I ast Joe what job he had, and Joe says, "First Gentleman of the University," but I don't believe that's a reg'lur job. When Joe come back home after he took Dean Briggs' English course, he talked awful high-toned. Once't he heard me say, "I won't," an' he says, "You poor boob, that ain't right. You mean 'I shan't.'"

Curfew ~~shall~~ ^{will} not ring
to night.



This here's Dean Hurlbut. Joe told pa that he'd been in a position to know him, and that he'd taken a lot o' trouble to let the Dean see his better side. Pa said he bet it took the Dean a lot o' trouble to see it, too.



Perfessor Carver, that teaches rural sociology. He's awful sarcastic. Joe says he give a wonderful lecture, once't, where he denounced people that makes their livin' by talkin'. It was a mighty fine talk, Joe says.



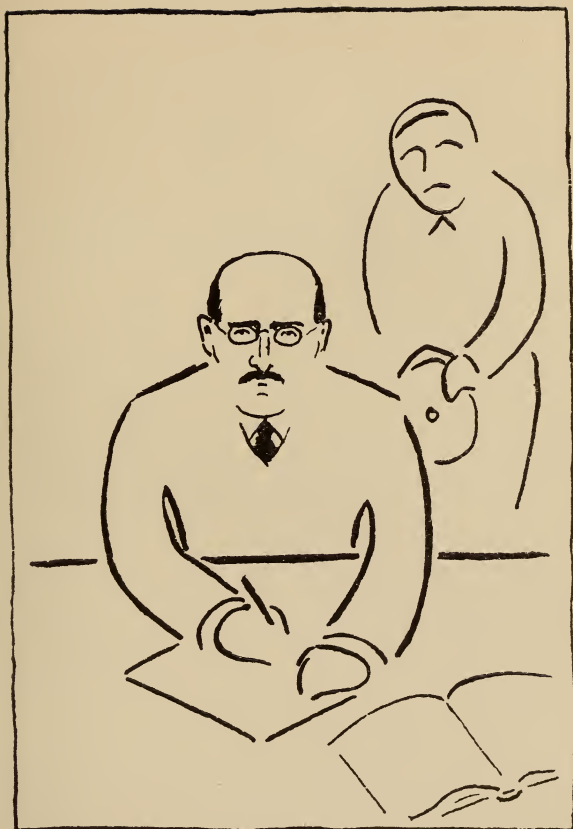
Percy Haughton, that is. There's a place named Yale College somewheres up-state where they get up scrub teams to play against Harvard, an' he's the fella that gets Harvard ready for 'em. Joe says they wont make no Belgium out o' Soldiers Field while Haughton's around, nor ennything anywheres like it.



This here's a mucker. There allus hollerin' "Scramble, mister," as though they expected somebody to throw 'em some money. I guess somebody did, once upon a time. When they grow up they git to be Harvard Square students.



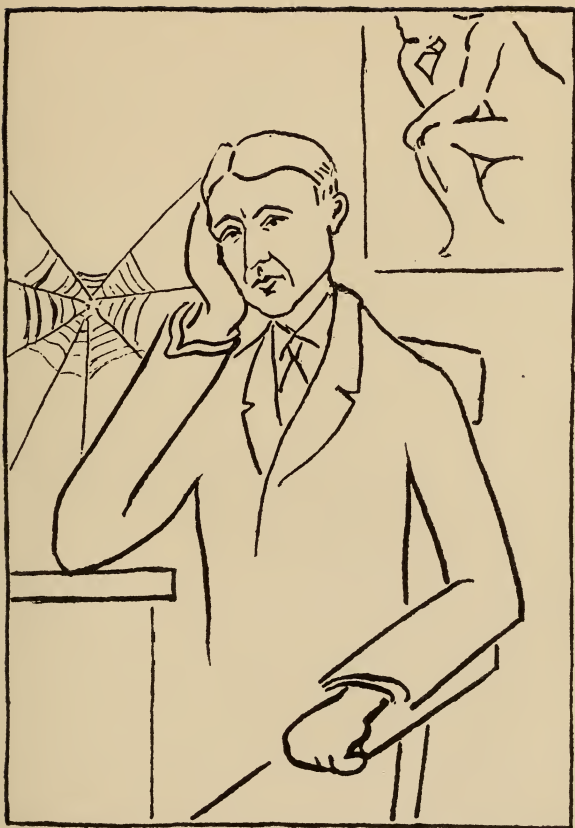
That there's G. W. Cram. Don't he look fierce. He ain't at all, though. Joe knows him awful well, cuz their work has brought them together so much. He says Cram gits his vote evry time.



That's Barrett Wendell. Don't he look English, though. He was in England once't, Joe claims, in Westminster Abbey, and a tourist come up to him and says, "Pardon me, can you tell me where Longfellow's tomb is?" and Barrett says kinda haughty-like, "My good man," he says, "who's Longfellow?"



That's a section man. He's all wrapped up in hisself, tryin' to decide whether to raise a grade to an E plus. He'll settle it pretty soon by flippin' a penny, but he likes to think about it beforehand, he's so conscientious.



That's Prof. Wiener. He gives courses on Tolstoi, the noted Russian anarchist. Joe took the course and he liked it fine, but he says, "Thank the Lord," he says, "that it's a whole lot more Wiener than it is Tolstoi."



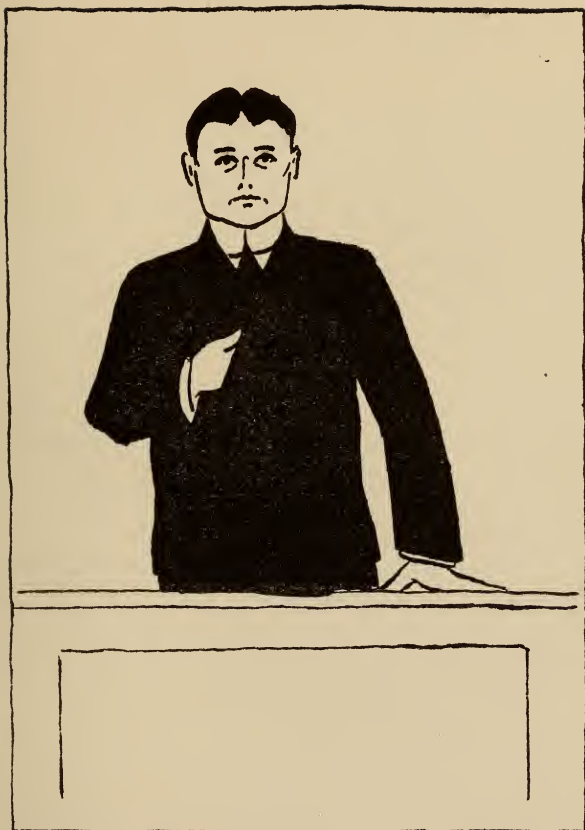
That's Prof. Coolidge, the histry teacher. Joe got him just when he wuz noticin' how much he looked like Napoleon. It's astonishin', ain't it, how much these great men look like each other.



That's Hugo Münsterberg. He's in competition with A. B. Hart for publicity. Jest now Hart's ahead by about three hunderd lines, but Hugo's got an article on the "Psychic Significance of Charlie Chaplin" fer the next *Cosmopolitan* that'll put him way in the lead.



That's Munro, the guvverment teacher. He's the only perfessor the fellas take notes on, fer he outlines his lectures and makes 'em so simple. Joe says he's the most progressive stand-patter he's ever listened to.



This here's a Harvard Square student. I think he looks more like a reel college man than Joe does. Joe says he's sorry he couldn't get his pitcher the day o' the Yale game when he had his arm band on.



That there's Prof. Nolen. The students all call him the Widow. Joe says he owes more to him for his education than any other man in college. Joe ain't never told me what he teaches.



Perfessor Kittredge. Joe snapped the camera just when somebody in English 2 ast him if Bacon really wrote Shakespeare. Don't he look amused, though.



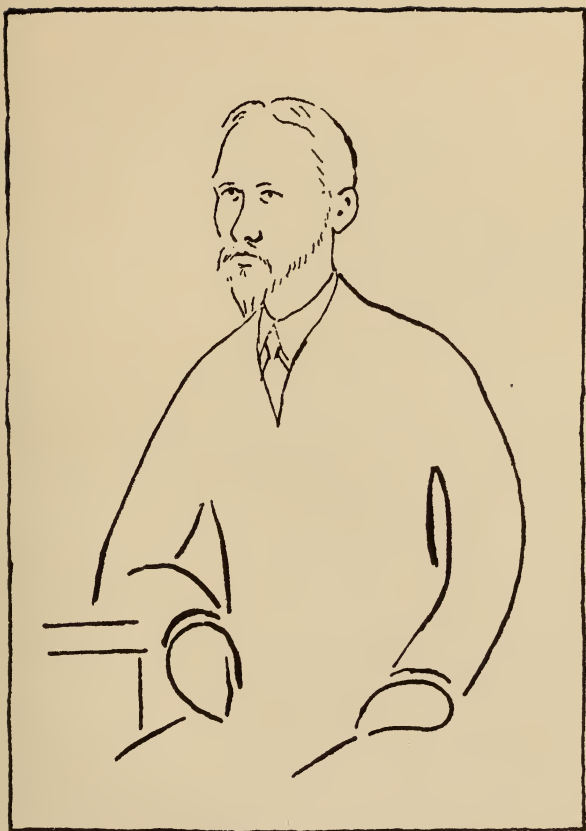
Perfessor Spaulding, the music teacher, playin' the pianna. After Joe took some musical courses he come home and ast the Baptist organist what he thought about Bach and he says he always liked Lager better.



That's John, the Yard cop. Joe says his job is to go round winter mornin's in the Yard and pull the frozen corpses out o' the rooms, so's the goodies kin clean up. Jest some of Joe's foolishness.



This is Prof. Bernbaum, the noted English critic. He made a bet in 1896 that if Bryan wasn't elected, he'd raise a beard. Since then he's been doin' his best to pay the bet.





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